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forbidden to come into the building. In order to offset the detention regulation, the library was brought out onto the porch. A table and a collection of thirty or forty books were placed on the table and the men passing by get the books from the library steps. Such an adaptation to conditions would be practically impossible in a city. Library assistants would not want

to take the position of peddling their books from the steps, but in camp we think nothing of that sort of adaptation to conditions.

Other conditions are practically the same as those found in the various army camps and the methods of the distribution of books are very similar to those so completely described by the army camp librarians.

A DAY AT FORT LEAVENWORTH

BY MARY L. TITCOMB, *Librarian, Washington County Free Library, Hagerstown, Md.*

When I got a letter asking me if I would go to Fort Leavenworth, Kans., and look over the situation and see what was needed there and make recommendations as to whether we should have a separate library there, whether we should appoint a permanent librarian and what should be done, I was not a bit interested. You know what we think of Fort Leavenworth—we think of it as a place where people go when they are finished, and I was just beginning—but I said, "Now, see here, these are military orders and I go where I am told to go."

My first visit before going to the camp was to the community house. There in Leavenworth they have really a rather remarkable community house. The trolley line is along the stretch from the Soldiers' Home at one end of the town to Fort Leavenworth at the other end. Midway between, just in the center of the town on the line of the trolley, is this community house which consists of a double store apartment upstairs and down, very attractively fitted up, with a hostess and a Y. W. worker and a man representing the Fossdick Commission. There I got in touch with things.

When presented to the Colonel in command of the army post at Fort Leavenworth, I explained in detail what the American Library Association was, the national association of librarians in the country, and about the money we had

raised and what we were trying to do and that we were working under the Fossdick Commission of Training Camp Activities. The colonel was very cordial. He said he did not know whether his soldiers had much of any time to read or not; that he worked them pretty hard, and if they had any time every one that came there had at least two sisters and a mother and sweetheart, "but you can go ahead and do what you please; you have my permission; you have a free hand in the camp."

We went to see the chaplain of the disciplinary barracks. Before the chaplain came in, I talked for quite a little while with a young trusty there in the room who was the chaplain's secretary, a Pennsylvania boy, cultivated, a perfect gentleman. The prisoner's brown, like a wood-dye, trousers which have never seen a crease, very baggy at the knees and with the prisoner's number on each knee, and when the men go out to work they have such a number on the back. That young fellow talked to me without the least consciousness of himself whatever. He told me about the library; he told me they were making a loose leaf catalog and showed me the number of sheets; they were doing that in the print shop in the educational school. He apologized for the appearance of the sheets because he said they had different men at work on it from time to time and some

of the apprentices did not do as well as others.

Pretty soon the chaplain came in and I again explained who I was, what I was and what I represented, and I said, "I believe we sent you some books, 1,500 books; you have had 1,500 new books recently?" "Oh, no, not as many as that," he said. The trusty spoke up and said, "Just about 1,500." I said, "I was told we were sending that number." "But they did not come from you," said the chaplain. And remembering that I must go carefully, I said, "Why, I thought we sent you some." Then the trusty intervened again; bringing forward a book, he said, "Yes, those came from the American Library Association," opening it and showing our bookplate. The chaplain looked at it and said, "Well, I had never seen that bookplate; I thought all the time those books came from the Soldiers' Aid Society in New York." Then and there I made up my mind in Fort Leaven-

worth these book plates were going on the outside as well as the inside of the book.

Then he voiced some of his apprehensions about our coming in there with our books and I was able to allay his fears and finally I said, "If we can send you from 500 to 1,000 books, new scientific books, books on the war, technical books, would you like them?" "You bet your boots," he said.

I am sure that anything sent there is going to be taken care of. They have got a long room with wooden stacks; they are going to have steel stacks; they have taken all the books they can from the Kansas Commission and have had them relettered and put back on the shelves. They have taken gift books which came through us and classified and arranged those; and let me say that my conclusion is we are going to have a permanent library there in the Y. M. C. A. building.

WAR DEPARTMENT INDEXES*

Some of the principal indexes connected with war work are the following: A card index of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces is built up from passenger lists prepared at the ports of embarkation, and signed by the company commanders. Before being typed they are carefully scrutinized by experienced women clerks and every possible error corrected. Every local address is verified against the Postal Guide, the Western Union list of telegraph offices, and if necessary against an atlas. For cases still in doubt two cards are typed and stamped "Data Uncertain." One of these goes to file at once, and the other is used as a basis for further investigation. The original enlistment paper is the best and principal source of verification, for here we have an official document

signed by the soldier himself.

The errors which creep into the records are mainly due to poor handwriting, careless typing, and to misunderstanding and misspelling information given by word of mouth. Then there are those cases where the soldier for reasons best known to himself deliberately gives a false name or false emergency address.

The Chief of Staff has officially stated that more than 900,000 men are already in France, and that the million mark will soon be reached. We have a card for each man; and are now typing and filing upwards of 10,000 cards a day. The problems of a great file of names are very different from those of a library catalog. Our file already occupies 1,080 trays, the Smith family leading in occupancy of eight trays.

Another file is that of the enlistment papers. After about eighteen or twenty files of enlistment papers had grown up,

*Extracts from a letter from Lieut. Willis F. Sewall, of the Statistical Division, Adjutant General's office, to Miss Adelaide F. Evans, chairman Catalog Section, A. L. A.